

JIVING ALL OF YOU

Intellectual properties and priorities “are a gas,” I mutter, inside this mask, gasping that old Sinatra remark, so hip and coolly hot. So they put up fences now and everybody knows when we have broken the bars and locks. Trouble is, in the second place, you can’t get out of here as easily as you got in. So just to be safe maybe you should, like, wear a protective mask identical to the face of a best friend or relative. Blood is thicker than you-know-what and we’ve all secretly wanted to live on Auden’s ranches of isolation, anyway. The heart is such a rickety pump and the woozy livestock are getting uppity in their strange corrals: they walk around all day, muttering. They don’t want to donate their hearts, ...at least, not to just anyone - no way.

Let’s stretch the boundaries then as suggested by Ludwig Wittgenstein, followed by his one armed pianist brother. There are plenty of words left to use even after all the others have been abused. The beautiful, ionic stores of lead and mercury are plentiful inside our synapses but we may still retain enough zing for playback and even some playtime when we’ll all be in the groove again, playing the score even with just one left hand.

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